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A Sermon to Organ Grinders.

Come, ye grinders! rim and weary,
Cease awhile your windy groans!
Cease your wallings sharp and dreary,
Listen to my dulcet tones!

Duo from La Favorita,
Waltz profane call'd Prima Donna,
Pray suspend, while I repeat a
Few remarks in Virtue's honor.

Wearers of the velvet breeches!
St. Cecilia's humblest flunkys!
Don't you know the Scripture teaches
That you should not wallop monkeys?
Those who bring the pennies votive—
Those who jump and frisk so sadly—
Friends! pray what can be your motive
When you treat the wretches badly?

Exiled monkey! ah! once floated
All his days serene and silky;
Once to forest love devoted,
He asked why coco-nuts are milky?
Then his heavier labors ending,
Hopeless that great truth to know,
By his tail his form suspending,
Swung he swiftly to and fro.

Ended soon that season shiny—
That investigation juicy;
He must cross the billowy briny:
He must dance the Long Miss Lucy;
To his eyes the tears must glisten—
Milk of life grown sour and curdy;
And O, harder fate! must listen
To the strains composed by Verdi.

Now my Topic Two producing;
Very much I think you'd show
Christian virtue by composing.
When you're asked, my friends, to go,
Though with rapture Biddy swelling
Drinks in Operatic joys,
Those who own the cock and dwelling,
May grow frantic at your noise.

Move like gentle grinders *presto*!
Cut your stick *rapidamente*!
Number Sixteen leave to rest! O
Leave to rest, too, Number Twenty!
Hearts will bless the good musician—
Gratitude your art inspire,
When they mark your transposition
Up the street, two octaves higher.

Tuscans! if so dear your art is,
You must either grind or die,
Seek some lonesome vale, my hearties!
There your cranks incessant ply!
Shun the city's strong temptations!
To some desert make your way!
'Midst congenial desolations,
Grind the death of Old Dog Tray.

One more word and I have done now;
You may then resume your tunes:
Really, brethren, there's no fun now
In the way you freeze to spoons.
O take heed if you love ranging;
Lest you meet a lowlier lot,
Sing-song into Sing Sing changing,
And your organ gone to pot!

—Vanity Fair.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Letter to the D—.

MY DEAR D.—In the halcyon days of simple childhood, when the youthful bosom beat high in sympathy with all that is great and good, it was one of my most signal enjoyments to gaze on, and follow, from street to street, the glorious cosmopolitan, perambulating drama of "Punch." Many and multifarious were the endeavors of the eternal enemy of souls, to put an extinguisher on

the innocently erring hero of the piece; Punch was so very little; the D— was so big, so black,—what wonder, then, that the heart strings of infancy and nursery-maidenhood should throb in silent rapture, when Punch, after receiving some tremendous thwack, intended for a "death-blow," meekly raising his red-night-capped head, like a rain-laden-lily after the storm, cried out, in a mild and melodious counter-tenor, "Here we are again?"

Yes, my dear D—, "here we are again;" to me the oft-quoted language of the above-mentioned ancient mystery, "why wouldn't you have let us alone?"

By the ninth symphony I swear, your artillery is too heavy to bring out against such an uncommonly light-brigade as mine. Facts against fiction? (and even facts, you know, are sometimes factitious.) I have published certain volumes of "Musical Legends, Fantasias, and Sketches," written by me in moments of inspiration, when, seeing on what a very inharmonious axis the musical world revolves, I resolved to moisten it with a little oil, expressed from the flowers of my fancy. Lest hungry scholars should come to me for dates, I did not christen the book, "Musico-historical anecdotes and facts," as I might have done. The word *Mährchen*, as a half-Germanized D—, like yourself knew long ago, leaves a very broad margin to the imagination. I hope to be read by three classes of readers; non-musicians, half-musicians, and musicians par excellence. As to the first, what do they care about musical dates? I wished to excite their interest in music and musicians in the most agreeable way; if they felt any curiosity about my heroes and heroines,—good! they would probably get biographies or cyclopedias, to verify or falsify my statements, and thus be led on to better things. For the second class,—musicasters,—*stelline della musica*.—I will privately confess to several mischievously premeditated arabesques, "set down in malice," expressly in behalf of dilettanti, who have not yet discovered their own ignorance. And the musicians born and made, fishes, whose element is music, historical, practical, and theoretical, such people know by heart, just as well as you or I, facts like this for instance; that Piccini did not arrive in Paris until some months after the time I have made him shake hands with Gluck behind the scenes of the royal opera; but would they blame me for this effective and highly original anachronism, not to speak of others, more daring and dazzling? Far from it, no more than they would think of criticizing my great imitator, Shakespeare, for putting good British oaths into the mouths of his Roman and Grecian heroes, occasionally. People who have musical history at their fingers' ends, understand and appreciate intentional anachronisms.

Schroeder was undoubtedly *not* Beethoven's first "Leonora." That is a very well known fact: but, in my opinion, she ought to have been; and was certainly born twenty years too late! She agreed with me, I do not doubt, when she

accepted the dedication to my second volume. All the world knows that Beethoven was a shortish, and by no means handsome fellow; nature, while framing two moulds, one of Belviderean beauty, and another of homelier cast, imprudently turned her head aside; at that moment, the soul of Beethoven, incautious as genius usually is, stumbled into the wrong case, while some fool, lucky enough to be close by at the time, got the one intended for B. Now, I—correcting the occasionally unjust dispensations of a mysterious Providence, gave to the "wonderful dreamer" a fine personnel, a giant form; this description my translator, otherwise tolerably correct, suppressed in toto, I regret to say.

You may one day commit the mistake of writing a book yourself, though, if the character Heine has given you be just, you are too much a man of the world to ink your fingers over "such stuff." Schindler, Ries, von Lenz, Oulibicheff, Marx, Fétis, Moscheles, Griepenkerl, Bettina, &c., ad infinitum, were pretty good in their way; possibly you think—there might be better. Perhaps so; perhaps not; but if you will make the blunder of a book, stick to facts. Don't let your imagination get the better of you, and pour itself out over the page in a gushing glow of molten gold and silver, (like mine); give us facts by wholesale; fire off your "grape shot" in its right place; tell us how much sugar the "venerated apparition" dissolved in his coffee on Sunday mornings; whether he liked Bretzel; what coat he wore when he first met Giulietta G.; whether he used Kathairon or Tricopherous to soften that lion's mane of his, or gave it up as incorrigible; and woe to you, if you diverge the hundredth part of a hair's breadth, from historical truth!

Most potent, grave, and reverend D—! remove your dear old American spectacles, when you review a German lady's "weak sentimentality." What she regards as childlike, a Yankee gentleman will probably translate—childish;—especially if he be addicted to "facts." There is a natural something connected with the expression of feeling and sentiment, that I am convinced only a native can understand. Par example, I tried to appreciate some of what you evidently intended to be "points" in your Washington sketch (which I read with gratified attention, remembering the old adage "Parodies prove popularities"); would you believe it, they seemed to me far-fetched and flat, while they were no doubt overflowing with "American fun"?

Now, lastly, my dear D—. I have been faithful to the spirit, if not to the word of truth. Had I clothed in "facts," praises of "wiggle" voices without any medium register, over-reaching after effect, Welt-schmerz, future-music dreamery, be-pedalled pianoforte thumpery, "genial" nonsense talkery, ultra-classic pedantry, Verdi-opera screamery, or any of the thousand and one popular fallacies of the modern musical world, your heavy artillery might have been reasonably brought into requisition; but as I have

done none of these things, positively, my dear D.— I scarcely think it was worth your while to expend powder and shot on a "tom-tit" like,

Your very, obedient and obliged servant,
ELISE POLKO.

Madame Clara Novello.

(Concluded from page 116.)

We all remember the political disturbances that convulsed Europe in 1848; we have all had more or less opportunity of personally observing how every class of society, from the crown to the foot—from kings and emperors and the Pope himself to lazzaroni and chartists—was affected by them. Art was not uninfluenced, nor those who minister to its progress, by these terrible social distractions, and Mad. Novello, like her co-laborer in the cause of beauty, Mad. Sontag experienced their effects to such an extent as induced her to retrace her steps from the honored retirement of the privacy in which she had been living to the equally honorable activity of her public career. She re-appeared in Italy, Germany, Spain, and England, renewing everywhere her former success, and refreshing the memory which had never faded of her former merit. Her powers were in every respect improved by the maturity which her few years of absence from her profession had wrought upon her physical and moral nature, and all Europe has acknowledged her voice to surpass every other in power, purity, and brightness.

Mad. Novello is now about to secede, for a second time, from the exercise of her artistic functions, and her retirement from the public will now be positively final, as the circumstances of the noble house of which marriage has made her a member, having withstood the shock of the most recent and greatest troubles in Italy, are no longer dependent on the vicissitudes of political fortune, and could even her affairs be again involved in the troubles of the time, she has bound herself under a heavy penalty never to sing again in public after her coming farewell.

Mad. Novello is best known in the south of Europe as a dramatic singer,—best in the north for her excellence in the concert-room,—best here, her native home, for her interpretation of the works of the great sacred masters; but, were it not for her all-surpassing reputation in this highest branch of her art, the admiration she has won in England alone on the stage and in the concert room would be sufficient to prove her one of the most distinguished vocalists that have ever sung our language. The speciality of English vocal music consists in our ballads, which require certain peculiarities in the singer, and these of a refined, poetical, and truly exalted character that have scarcely, if ever, been displayed by foreigners; our English pride, then, in our English songstress must not be unmindful of her interpretation of such ditties as "John Anderson," "Auld Robin Gray," "The beating of my own heart," which last she was the first person who sung.

To give due responsiveness to the setting of this sun of song, a party comprising the most attractive and most various talent of the day is engaged to accompany her on her farewell tour, and serve as clouds to catch and reflect the golden glory of her brightness. We are fortunately able to enumerate the purposed partners of her last adieu, and we cannot more appropriately or more interestingly conclude this account of her career than by giving the names of those who are to share the lustre of its close.

The cloud of first importance may be regarded as an electric cloud, in respect of its overpowering force, and of the brilliancy and the rapidity which are equally associated with our ideas of it. We need but to name Herr Leopold de Meyer, the thunder-and-lightning characteristics of whose pianism have been proved and acknowledged throughout both hemispheres, to establish the verity of our metaphor. Albeit his thunder, though it astounds, never shocks us,—his lightning, though it dazzles, never consumes. An esteemed cotemporary,—whose fiat, whether it

condemn an emperor, approve a prizefighter, oppose a ministry, or applaud a pianist, is revered as an oracle no less at the antipodes than here,—has recently asserted the following judgment on this artist, "The instrumental selection comprised a grand *fantasia* for pianoforte alone, composed and performed by Herr Leopold de Meyer, pianist to the Emperor of Austria, and in his particular walk the most extraordinary 'manipulator' now before the public. This gentleman combines a force and vigor of hand which few have equalled with a delicate lightness of touch and liquid softness of tone that have never been surpassed. He brings these opposite qualities into play with marvellous address, blending or alternating them as the humor seizes him, and with such consistency that while the ear is always satisfied the taste is never offended. M. de Meyer's *fantasia*-playing, moreover—like his music—is quite as original as it is astonishing. He has a vein exclusively his own, and is indebted to no other source than that of his invention, whether for ideas or for the method of handling them. Making no pretence to be an exponent of what is conventionally termed the 'classical' school, he does not provoke criticism by an imperfect conception and execution of acknowledged masterpieces. He moves within the sphere most congenial to his artistic nature, and he does wisely, for in that sphere he stands aloof from competition. It is not intended by this to insinuate that M. de Meyer would fail if he ventured on higher and more intellectual ground; but at the same time, as sincere appreciators of his really exceptional talent, we should counsel him to leave the 'great masters' (and especially the 'old masters') to themselves; for, in order to ride comfortably over their domain, he would have to invent a new and peculiar bridle to retain his Pegasus within bounds." Herr Leopold de Meyer has not played in the English province since 1845, and thus, since his reputation has been constantly on the increase, his novelty will be no less an attraction throughout the tour than his talent.

A rain cloud of a chequered April in respect of its tears interwoven with smiles, may be considered the favorite interpreter of gaiety and pathos, Miss Eyles, who, when Mad. Novello had stamped success upon "The beating of my own heart" as a soprano song, sang it a third lower, as a contralto, and was encored in at every concert during a far-spread tour which lasted for ten weeks, and so universally proved her infallible power of pleasing the very various tastes that distinguish the different districts through which she passed.

We may regard as fleecy clouds the congregated members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union, each adding a share of beauty to the scene, and all combining in a general effect of harmonious softness; to wit, Miss J. Wells, a rising soprano, rising in esteem as much as in voice and in merit; Mr. Baxter, an alto, who does all that can be done to render his happily rare register of voice effective; Mr. W. Cummings, a tenor, who has been as successful in singing alone as in blending his voice with those of his companions; Mr. Lawler, a bass, whose broad declamatory style and fine sonorous voice have been too often heard to advantage at the concerts of our most important institutions to need any bush to recommend them; and Mr. Land, the organizer of the Union, who may therefore be regarded as the fatherland of the party,—whose sweetness of voice and mildness of manner prove him to be a Land flowing with milk and honey,—whose proverbial punctuality makes every one rejoice when he is a Land of promise,—who, were there a peerage of pianoforte accompanists, might well be created a Land lord,—whose merits make those who engage him well off when they become Land owners,—whose certainty is such that he nullifies the idea of the geological phenomenon of a Land slip, who bears so urbanely the blame due to others, that he may be not inaptly called a Land-scape of his friends,—whose ever-smiling aspect teaches us to regard him as a personification of the "Happy Land" celebrated in Dr. Kimbault's ballad,—and whom, having all these

qualifications, we may be well satisfied to regard as our own native Land.

It is high time, however, to descend from the clouds, and contemplate the stern reality of Mad. Novello's departure. The country folks will not entirely have the advantage of us Londoners in hearing the last of this favorite vocalist; for it appears that the swan song of her professional life will be uttered here in town, or at furthest at Sydenham, which, as has been proved at the Handel festivals, is accessible to tens of thousands at a time who wish to hear her. Let us hope, too, that before her last adieu, the Sacred Harmonic Society may have the benefit of her singing, at least once, in *Messiah*, in *Elijah*, and in Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*—the unique beauty of her voice is in no instance heard to such infinite advantage as in the brief solo that sublimely heralds the words and the musical subject of the great chorus in this last-named work, "The night is departing," and it is only if we can preserve in our memory the gleaming brightness with which she sings this phrase, that we shall be able to avoid supposing the watchman's warning is fulfilled in her retirement; "The morning will come, but the night will come also."—*London Musical World*, July 14.

Madame Cinti-Damoreau to her Pupils in the Conservatoire.*

It is to you, my dear pupils, that I have resolved to dedicate this method, the fruit of my studies and my experience, and in which I think I have set forth the best principles and the best examples of the art of singing. Adhere firmly to these principles, and endeavor to reproduce faithfully the examples; this, in a word, is the great thing in a good system of instruction.

If I speak to you of my studies, it is because at the very apogee of my artistic career, I never ceased to study; it is only to assiduous labor, and the firm resolve of effecting every day fresh progress, that we owe the inestimable honor of obtaining and preserving the favor of the public. In order to prove to you all that may be gained by this determined application to study, I at first entertained the idea of prefixing my biography to this book, but I was afraid it would be too long, and I shall restrict myself to describing only that part of my career which is connected with my *débuts* at the Théâtre-Italien, the Opéra, and the Opéra-Comique. You must bear in mind, therefore, that, while speaking of myself, I shall not cease to think of you.

I was scarcely thirteen when I was introduced to M. C. Henri Plantade, a clever, talented, kind-hearted man, whose memory is still cherished by all those who have loved or cultivated musical art in France during the last thirty years. M. Plantade was assiduous in giving me lessons, with all the care of an excellent musical professor and all the tenderness of a father. My voice, which gave promise of becoming flexible, but which did not then possess much strength, struck him as completely adapted to the Italian style. I studied, therefore, under him, only the old repertory, beginning with Durante's *Psalm*. My masters allowed me to sing scarcely three or four French airs; among these latter were the airs of *Montano et Stephanie*, and *Benieuwski*, true models of a style that is at once simple, expressive, and graceful. I mention this to you, my dear pupils, in order that you may not suppose that you sing well only when you have succeeded in singing with ease what is difficult. It is not enough, recollect, merely to utter notes and execute passages more or less difficult; besides doing this, you must give them color, you must animate and accentuate them, and for this purpose an artist must be impressed with the words, and with the spirit of the piece or scene he has to sing. His physiognomy, also, must, so to speak, reveal to the hearer the subject and character of what is sung. Is it necessary for me to add that his articulation and pronunciation must be impeccable? Listen to Pouchard, and you will perceive how much charming effect is gained by not allowing a syllable to be lost by the auditors.

It is far more difficult to sing in French than in Italian. This is very easily explained. We French do not allow ourselves to take breath in the middle of a word, to repeat a syllable, to sing *forte* when the situation suggests that we should sing *piano*; lastly, we must not sacrifice the words to the notes, but, on the contrary, we must sacrifice the notes to the words. By working incessantly, by devoting yourselves ex-

*Preface to the *Méthode d'Artiste*, dedicated by Mad. Cinti-Damoreau to her pupils of the Paris Conservatoire.

clusively to your art, you may succeed in identifying the former with the latter, and speaking in music.

Such is nearly all my method, my dear pupils. I worked always and constantly, listening to others and reasoning on what I heard.

When I had attained my fourteenth year, M. Plantade said to me, "My dear girl, you cannot now do without me. Mark my words: you possess taste; you will adopt what is good in some and reject what is bad in others." But do not suppose from this advice, that you are to imitate servilely the master or the model you select. You must, as I cannot too often repeat, explain to yourselves the means of success peculiar to the artist to whom you are listening, and clearly comprehend by what art he has acquired grace, by what secret he has been able to charm you. You thus avoid the shoal of parody, and advance rapidly on the road that leads to success.

Before I was fifteen, I made my debut at the *Italiens*, as Lilla, in *La cosa rara*, a character left open by the departure of Mad. Fodor. Thanks to my extreme youth, and, above all, to the advice of my dear master, my success was a genuine one. The day on which M. Plantade's unconditional approbation confirmed the applause of the public was the happiest day of my life. After my successful debut, I had many annoyances and prejudices to overcome. I was French; this was almost a crime at the *Théâtre-Italien*!

I was not discouraged. I learned, in a very short time, nearly fifteen or twenty parts; I understudied (sometimes in a day) the parts of all the *prime donne*; in the ardor of my zeal, and with my incessant application, I was ready for every score. This, my dear pupils, is the proper place to inform you that, should you intend to go on the stage, you must not be contented with studying the part in which you propose to appear; you must comprehend and fully master all the other parts. By this plan, you seize better the purpose of a work, while engaging in a practice more calculated than any other to render your character supple. My adoption of this system proved, one day, highly advantageous to me.

Mad. Catalani was to appear in an extraordinary performance at the *Opéra*. The grand rehearsal was already somewhat advanced, when it was remarked that the great vocalist had not arrived. At the moment the ritornello of her cavatina announced her entrance on the stage. Barilli, our stage-manager, taking my hand, boldly presented me to the orchestra, to sing in the place of our celebrated manageress. Though greatly agitated at first, I felt afterwards very happy, for the orchestra applauded me very much, and it was the first time such an honor had been paid me. When Mad. Catalani heard of what I had been bold enough, or, rather, what my devotion to art had prompted me to do, she thanked me by an embrace, for she was always kind.

A short time subsequently (I was then sixteen), Garcia entrusted me with a charming first-rate part in his opera, *Il Califo di Bagdad*. Yarat, who then heard me (alas! I was too young ever to have heard him), said, I sang *insolently in tune* (*insolennement juste*). This is, I think, the only defect on which I have had to congratulate myself in the whole course of my life; contrast this defect, my dear pupils; there can be no charm if you do not sing in tune. This quality is not one, I am aware, that is easily acquired, but, by working assiduously at the intervals of all kinds, slowly, and with the assistance of a master, you may sometimes succeed in singing in tune, even when you have not naturally a feeling for it.

When Rossini arrived in France, I received the valuable advice of Bordogni, whose colleague I afterwards became at the *Conservatoire*, and whose good taste is proved by the charming exercises of vocalization he has given us.

A short time afterwards, an extraordinary performance afforded me an opportunity of appearing at the *Opéra*, in *Le Rossignol*. As I had never previously had a chance of singing in French before the public who treated me already so kindly, I was in a state of intense anxiety. It was, however, the very success which attended this attempt which made me resolve to remain on the grand stage of the *Opéra*, for which a new destiny seemed then about to open. But, before I separated from the *Théâtre-Italien*, which had become endeared to me for many reasons, I determined to subject myself to another ordeal, more serious than that of *Le Rossignol* could be. The Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld (then Duke de Doudeauville), whose name all artists should remember with gratitude, was, at that time, entrusted with the direction of the *Beaux Arts*. I asked his permission to play *Amazily*, in *Fernand Cortez*, a delicious part, entirely dependent on expression, and, apparently, quite opposed to the nature of the style I had cultivated up to that period. The part does not contain a single roulade; it was impossible to

succeed in it except by feeling and simplicity. This second bold attempt proved even more successful than the first. I became a member of the *Opéra*, therefore, exceedingly proud of having obtained the suffrage of so eminent a composer as Spontini, and of so dramatic a singer as Mad. Branchu, for whom he had composed this admirable part twenty years previously. Here begins the second, and not the least happy, period of my theatrical career.—*London Musical World*, July 7.

CIST-DAMOREAU.

(To be continued.)

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

The Representative Art.

No art is worth anything that does not embody an idea,—that is not representative: otherwise, it is like a body without a soul, or the image of some divinity that never had existence. Art needs, indeed, to be individualized, to betray the characteristics of the artist, to be himself infused into his work; but more than this, it needs to typify, to illustrate the character of the age,—to be of a piece with other expressions of the sentiment that animates other men at the time. It must be one note in the concert, and that not discordant,—neither behind time nor ahead of it,—neither in the wrong key nor the other mode: you don't want Verdi in one of Beethoven's symphonies; you don't want Mozart in Rossini's operas. No art ever has lived that was not the genuine product of the era in which it appeared; no art ever can live that is not such a product: it may, perchance, have a temporary or a fictitious success, but it can neither really and truly exert an influence at the moment of its highest triumph, nor afterwards remain a power among men, unless it reflect the spirit of the epoch, unless it show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.

All greatness consists in this: in being alive to what is going on around one; in living actually; in giving voice to the thought of humanity: in saying to one's fellows what they want to hear or need to hear at that moment; in being the concretion, the result, of the influences of the present world. In no other way can one affect the world than in embodying thus its ideas. You will see, in looking to history, that all great men have been a piece of their time; take them out and set them elsewhere, they will not fit so well; they were made for their day and generation. The literature which has left any mark, which has been worthy of the name, has always mirrored what was doing around it; not necessarily daguerrotyping the mere outside, but at least reflecting the inside,—the thoughts, if not the actions of men,—their feelings and sentiments, even if it treated of apparently far-off themes. You may discuss the Greek republics in the spirit of the modern one; you may sing idyls of King Arthur in the very mood of the nineteenth century. Art, too, will be seen always to have felt this necessity, to have submitted to this law. The great dramatists of Greece, like those of England, all flourished in a single period, blossomed in one soil; the sculptures of antiquity represented the classic spirit, and have never been equalled since, because they were the legitimate product of that classic spirit. You cannot have another Phidias till man again believes in Jupiter. The Gothic architecture, how meanly is it imitated now! What cathedrals built in this century rival those of Milan or Strasbourg or Notre Dame? Ah! there is no such Catholicism to inspire the builders; the very men who reared them would not be architects, if they lived today. And the Italian painters, the Angelos and Raphael's and Da Vincis and Titians, who were geniuses of such universal power that they built and carved and went on embassies and worked in mathematics only with less splendid success than they painted,—they painted because the age demanded it; they were religious, yet sensuous, like their nation; they felt the influence of the Italian sun and soil. Their faith and their history were compressed into *The Last Judgment* and the *Cartoons*; their passion as well as their power may be recognized in *The Last Supper* and *The Venus of the Bath*.

There is always a necessity for this expression of the character of the age. This spirit of our age, this mixed materialistic and imaginative spirit,—this that abroad prompts Russian and Italian wars, and at home discovers California mines,—that realizes gorgeous dreams of hidden gold, and Napoleonic ideas of almost universal sway,—that bridges Niagara, and underlays the sea with wire, and forgetful of the Titan fate, essays to penetrate clouds,—this spirit, so practical that those who choose to look on one side only of the shield can see only perjured monarchs trampling on deceived or deceiving peoples, and back woodsmen hewing forests, and begrimed laborers setting up telegraph-poles or working at printing-presses

—this spirit also, so full of imagination,—which has produced an outburst of music (that most intangible and subtle and imaginative of arts) such as the earth never heard before,—which is developing in the splendid, showy life, in the reviving taste for pagantry that some supposed extinct, in the hurried, crowded incidents that will fill up the historic page that treats of the nineteenth century,—this spirit is sure to get expression in art.

The American people, cosmopolitan, concrete, the union, the result rather of a union of so many nationalities, ought surely to do its share towards this expression. The American people surely represents the century,—has much of its spirit: is full of unrest; is eminently practical, but practical only in embodying poetical or lofty ideas; is demonstrative and excitable; resembles the French much and in many things,—the French, who are at the head of modern and European civilization,—who think and feel deeply, but do not keep their feelings hidden. The Americans, too, like expression: when they admire a Kossuth or a Jenny Lind, a patriot exile or a foreign singer, all the world is sure to know of their admiration; when they are delighted at some great achievement in science, like the laying of an Atlantic Cable, they demonstrate their delight. They make their successful generals Presidents; they give dinners to Morphy and banquets to Cyrus Field. They are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the age. Therefore they are artistic.

How amazed some will be at the proposition, amazed that the age should be called an artistic one, amazed that Americans should be considered an artistic nation! Yet art is only the expression in outward and visible form of an inward and spiritual grace,—the sacrament of the imagination. Art is an incarnation in colors or stones or music or words of some subtle essence which requires the embodiment. We all have delicate fancies, lofty imaginings, profound sentiments; the artist expresses them for us. If, then, this age be one that requires expression for its ideas, that is practical, that insists on accomplishing its designs, on creating its children, on producing its results, it is an artistic age. For art works; a poet is a maker, according to the Greeks: and all artists are poets; they all produce; they all do; they all make. They do just what all the practical men of this practical age are doing, what even the Gradgrinds are doing: they embody ideas; they put thoughts into facts. A quiet, contemplative age is not an artistic one; art has ever flourished in stirring times: Grecian wars and Guelphic strife have been its fostering influences. An artist is very far from being an idle dreamer: he works as hard as the merchant or the mechanic,—works, too, physically as well as mentally, with his hand as well as his head.

This is all statement: let us have some facts; let us embody our ideas. Do you not call Meyerbeer, with his years of study and effort and application, a worker? Do you not call Verdi, who has produced thirty operas, a worker? Do you not imagine that Turner labored on his splendid pictures? Do you not know how Crawford toiled and spun away his nerves and brain? Have you not heard of the incessant and tremendous attention that for many months Church bestowed on the canvas that of late attracted the admiration of English critics and their Queen? Was Rachel idle? Have these artists not spent the substance of themselves as truly as any of your politicians or your soldiers or your traders? Can you not trace in them the same energy, the same effort, the same determination as in Louis Napoleon, as in Zachary Taylor, as in Stephen Girard? Are not they also representative?

And their works,—for by these shall ye know them,—do they reflect in nothing this fitful, uneasy, yet splendid intensity of to-day? Can you not read in the colors on Turner's canvas, can you not see in the rush of Church's Niagara, can you not hear in the strains of the *Traviata*, can you not perceive in the tones and looks of Ristori, just what you find in the successful men in other spheres of life? Rothschild's fortune speaks no more plainly than the Robert le Diable; George Sand's novels and Carlyle's histories tell the same story as Kossuth's eloquence and Garibaldi's deeds. The artists are as alive to-day as any in the world. For, again and again, art is not an outside thing; its professors, its lovers, are not placed outside the world; they are in it and of it as absolutely as the rest. You who think otherwise, remember that Verdi's name six months ago was the watchword of the Italian revolutionists; remember that certain operas are forbidden now to be played in Naples, lest they should arouse the countrymen of Masaniello; remember, or learn, if you did not know, how in New York, last June, all the singers in town offered their services for a benefit to the Italian cause, and all the *habitués*, late though the season was, crowded to their places to see an opera whose

attractiveness had been worn out and whose novelty was nearly gone. You who think that art is an interest unworthy of men who live in the world, that it is a thing apart, what say you to the French, the most actual, the most practical, the most worldly of peoples, and yet the fondest of art in all its phases,—the French, who remembered the statues in the Tuilleries amid the massacres of the First Revolution, and spared the architecture of antiquity when they bombarded the city of the Caesars?

Consider, too, the growing love for art in practical America; remark the crowds of newly rich who deck their houses with pictures and busts, even though they cannot always appreciate them: remember that nearly every prominent town in the country has its theatre; that the opera, the most refined luxury of European civilization, considered for long an affectation beyond every other, is relished here as decidedly as in Italy or France. In New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, there are buildings exclusively appropriated to this new form of art, this exotic, expensive amusement. These opera-houses, too, illustrate most aptly the progress of other arts. They are adorned with painting and gilding and carving; they are as sumptuous in accommodation as the palaces of European potentates; they are lighted with a brilliancy that Aladdin's garden never rivalled; they are thronged with crowds as gayly dressed as those that fill the saloons of Parisian belles; and the singers and actors who interpret the thoughts of mighty foreign masters are the same who delight the Emperor of the French when he pays a visit to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Orchestras of many instruments discourse most eloquent music, and involuted strains are criticized in learned style, in capitals thousands of miles from the seashore. And there is no appreciation of art in all this! there is no embodiment of the love of the age for material magnificence, there is no poetry incarnated into form, in this combination of splendors rivaling the opium-eater's visions! The Americans are a dull, stupid people, immersed in business; art has no effect upon them; it is despised among them; it can never prosper here!

(To be continued.)

Soon after his arrival in England, Jullien was engaged to play the flageolet at the mansion of one of the principal members of the English peerage. His lordship, supposing that Jullien did not understand English, approached the accompanist and said, in a low voice, "Tell the gentleman not to play anything too long—I do not like long pieces." The accompanist did not know what to do; but Jullien said to him, with a smile, "Stop when I stop, and close the book." Every one was silent and listened. Jullien played twenty bars and stopped. The accompanist did the same. The audience were in raptures; and his lordship, running up and pressing the artist's hand, said, "Ah, monsieur, the piece you have played is admirable; but it is too short—you must give us another." "With pleasure, my lord, but you must pay me double." His lordship consented enthusiastically. Quietly opening the music again, Jullien went on from the passage where he had left off, and concluded the piece amidst thunders of applause.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The changes and embellishments of Paris continue with undiminished energy and celerity. The city is on the point of contracting a further debt of one hundred and fifty million of francs, to carry on the work of regeneration and improvement, which must, in a few years more, render the French capital the most magnificent city the world has ever seen. Whichever way the pedestrian turns, he meets on all sides, armies of laborers, tearing down the narrow and ill-constructed buildings of the past, or swarms of artisans, rearing commodious and elegant edifices, more in conformity with the requirements of the age. The project of the new Grand Opera House, which is to be one of the monuments of the reign of Napoleon III., seems not yet to be definitively settled. It was supposed that a fine site, on the boulevard, opposite the beautiful Rue de la Paix, had been chosen, but none of the plans submitted for the new building has been accepted, as yet, and it is said that the location may possibly be changed to some spot more eligible in point of space. This rumor has been denied by the official journal, but all the statements of the *Moniteur* during the past few years have hardly been of evangelical veracity, and people persist in believing that the Imperial Academy of Music is to afford a

golden occasion for speculation in real estate, in a quarter much nearer the Tuilleries than the site already named. Meantime, not the least of the new improvements is the demolition of several buildings on and adjacent to the corner of the Palais Royal, which is occupied by the Theatre Français. The space afforded by the removal of these buildings will clear the approaches to the Government Theatre, and aid the circulation in a part of the city which is always crowded, and stood vastly in need of this amelioration. The St. Honore front of the Palais Royal will now be freed of all incumbrances, and form an agreeable *vis à vis* to the extension of the Louvre on the other side of the broad square which separates the two palaces.—N. O. Picayune.

July 11.—Nothing of any commanding interest has occurred in the operatic world. At the Grand Opéra, *Les Huguenots* has been revived for M. Urcart, the Belgian tenor of whom I wrote a short time since. He still maintains the favorable impression he created in *William Tell*, and people seem to think he will be permanently engaged. By the way, the "normal diapason" now established at the Grand Opéra does not work over well, and is especially obnoxious to the bass singers. The "Pif-paf," for instance, is, with the new pitch in some parts beyond the range of any but the most exceptional voices. The character of the music is also considerably modified by the change, and, in some instances, as for example, the air of the "Couvre Feu," loses not a little of its original color.

The manager of the Opéra-Comique has done a famous stroke of business for his establishment by the engagement of M. Roger, whose return to the scene of his early triumphs will no doubt be hailed with delight by the frequenters of this house. The round of characters he created here with such marked success, await his touch to revive with all their original freshness and charm, and after the Midsummer glories of the Grand Opéra, which some say he had better never have struggled for, he will glide calmly and gently into a sort of "latter spring." Mad. Faure (the wife of Faure now engaged at your Royal Italian Opera) and Mad. Ugalde are also re-engaged, but the presence of these ladies is too familiar, and their talents have been too exhaustively reconnoitred by the audiences of the Opéra-Comique, to cause the announcement to be received with much enthusiasm. Mad. Ugalde has already appeared in *Galathée*, and it is just to say that her reception was in the highest degree flattering. Mad. Faure will not make her *re-entrée* till next week, in Boieldieu's *Petit Chaperon Rouge*.

Among the small items of intelligence interesting to your musical readers, I may mention the engagement of M. Nilmann, the German tenor, for a short period at the Grand Opéra. He is engaged expressly to sing in the *Tannhäuser* of Richard Wagner. Mlle. Tedesco will return to the Opéra in September, and make her first appearance in *Le Prophète*. She is afterwards to play Olympia in *Herculanum*. I hear also that Meyerbeer is expected to arrive in Paris very shortly.

One or two letters which I have received from Italian correspondents enable me to furnish you with a few scraps of news as to what is going on at the principal theatres in the land of song. At Genoa there have been several performances for the benefit of the Fund in support of the Sicilian Insurrection. The last deserves especial notice as being signalized by the appearance of the celebrated Signor Tamburini. He sang the cavatina from *La Sonnambula*, the duo in *Il Barbiere*, and the air of *Maometto*. His reception was enthusiastic; the applause which greeted him being no less addressed to the patriotic Italian citizen than to the celebrated singer. His vocalization was marvellous, and took all by surprise, for the ear is no longer accustomed to such a deluge of trills and runs as was poured forth from the singer's throat with the most perfect ease. After the first effects of astonishment had subsided, bursts of applause followed one upon the other, and positively overwhelmed the last representative of the old florid school of Italian singing. Tamburini did not, however, exhaust the appreciative power of the audience, who in return awarded to Signor Agrone and to Signora Parodi, and to all the other artists and dilettanti, who contributed their services on the occasion, their due meed of applause. Signor Bottesini has been engaged at La Scala, in Milan, where he is to produce his opera *L'Assedio di Firenze*, and Mad. Fiorentini is engaged to play the principal part. The San Carlo, at Naples, is not in a very satisfactory condition. *I Foscari*, lately produced there with Guicciardi, met with a cool reception from the inferiority of the execution, and a few days after *Don Pasquale* encountered a complete *fiasco*.

The sisters Ferni have been giving a concert at Parma, where their admirable talents have been duly

appreciated. The programme for the autumnal season at the Opera di Bologna contains the names of the following artists:—Meds. Borghi-Mamo and Luigia Gavetti-Regiani, and MM. Lodovico Graziani, Antonio Morelli, Mario Ghidi. M. Rota is the ballet master, and the principal *danses* Mlle. Adelina Plunkett. Signor Beneventano, the baritone, is engaged for the approaching season at Trieste.

Mlle. Kenneth, whom your theatrical readers will better identify as the daughter of "little Kenneth," erst the proprietor of the well-known "little shop," at the corner of Bow Street, where many dramatic wits and theatrical stars were once wont to lounge and exchange the newest coinage of the mint of mirth and fancy, has just returned from a successful engagement in Spain, notably at Madrid, where she sang with Tamberlik, and at Barcelona. Mlle. Kenneth has been trained in the traditions of the old Italian school of grand opera; her vocalization is excellent, and she possesses the power of dramatic expression.

I hear from Pesth that the Italian Opera has commenced there. Norma, with Mlle. Lagrue as the Druid priestess, has produced quite a sensation. This lady is described as remarkably beautiful, and as possessing a voice of pure and rich quality, with a sympathetic character quite thrilling in its effect. Her presence is noble and graceful, and exactly suited to the heroines of the lyrical drama; and both by her acting and broad grand style of vocalising, exercises an extraordinary power over her audience. How is it neither Paris nor London have hitherto had the benefit of this artist's vaunted ability? How has she escaped Lumley the pearl-fisher? did he dive not deep enough, or too deep?

The Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg has secured Signor Graziani, the baritone, for two years, commencing next season. The contract was only signed last Thursday. Mad. Rita Bernardi Fabricca, the wife of the Maestro Fabricca, an admirable singer, and moreover a very pretty person, is also engaged at St. Petersburg, for the third time. She is now in London, having left Paris a short time since. Mlle. Lotti della Santa has just passed through Paris on her way back from London to her country house in the environs of Milan. There is some talk of Mad. Miolan-Carvalho taking an engagement at the Royal Lisbon Theatre. Signor Fabricca's visit to London gives some color to this rumor, as he is charged with organizing the operatic troupe for the San Carlos at Lisbon.

I have the melancholy intelligence to record of the death of the pianist and composer, Gorla. It is reported that he has not left any money behind him. This is strange, for it is known that large sums were made by his compositions. One publisher confessed to realizing 3000 francs a year by one piece alone, and his nocturne and *étude* in E flat produced a profit of 30,000 francs—that is to say, the publishers! *Sic vos non vobis!* oh luckless herd of scribblers, whether musical or literary.—*London Musical World*, July 14.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Meyerbeer's grand opera, *Le Prophète*, was produced on Thursday night for the first time in the new theatre, with a splendor and magnificence that we believe has never yet been equalled. We must, for the present, be satisfied with announcing that Signor Tamberlik made his first appearance this season in the character of Jean of Leyden, that his singing was as much distinguished as formerly for correctness, vigor, and energy, and his impersonation of the mock prophet characterized by a manliness which invested the character of the impostor-prophet throughout with wonderfully sustained interest. "Tamberlik's John of Leyden"—says the *Morning Post*—"is well known to our public, who have long justly regarded it as one of his very greatest efforts; and never did he play the very arduous character more finely than on the present occasion. All the great 'points' of the part were 'taken,' as formerly, with an unquestionable appreciation of their merit; and the 'Re del cielo,' in which the marvellous voice of Tamberlik, animated by truly heroic ecstasy, gives out those famous B and C naturals *di petto*, with a force which makes the 'vaulted roof rebound,' again created what the Italians would call a *fuore*, quelled only by the reappearance of the singer twice before the curtain at the end of the act to which the air in question forms the finale." Mlle. Csillag gives evidence of additional powers in every part she undertakes, and her delineation of Fides will place her in a higher position than she has yet occupied. To appear in a character which some of the most consummate singers of the day have stamped with their individuality, indicates no small ambition; but Mlle. Csillag has proved herself capable of grappling with the extraordinary difficulties of a very arduous task, and of

THE MAY QUEEN.

81

on the Queen! on the Queen! A... bless -

part, A... bless - ing, a... bless - ing, bless - ing,

part, While we sing,... While we sing,..... we

part, While we sing,... While we sing,..... we

part, While we sing,... While we sing,..... we

The first system of the musical score for 'The May Queen' consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'on the Queen! on the Queen! A... bless -', 'part, A... bless - ing, a... bless - ing, bless - ing,', 'part, While we sing,... While we sing,..... we', 'part, While we sing,... While we sing,..... we', and 'part, While we sing,... While we sing,..... we'.

ing,

a bless - ing, a bless - ing, a bless - ing, bless -

sing a bless - ing, a bless - ing, a bless - ing, bless - ing,

sing a bless - ing, a bless - ing, a bless - ing, bless - ing,

sing a bless - ing, a bless - ing, bless - - - - ing,

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: 'ing,', 'a bless - ing, a bless - ing, a bless - ing, bless -', 'sing a bless - ing, a bless - ing, a bless - ing, bless - ing,', 'sing a bless - ing, a bless - ing, a bless - ing, bless - ing,', and 'sing a bless - ing, a bless - ing, bless - - - - ing,'.

THE MAY QUEEN.

bless - - - ing bless - - ing on the
- - - - - ing, bless - - ing on the
bless - - - ing, bless - ing, bless - - ing on the
bless - - - ing, bless - ing, bless - - ing on the
bless - - - ing, bless - ing, bless - - ing on the

Sempre f

This system contains five staves of music. The first four staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The fifth staff is a piano accompaniment starting with the instruction *Sempre f*.

Queen!
Queen! Bless - - ing on the Queen!
Queen! Bless - - ing on the Queen!
Queen! Bless - - ing on the Queen!
Queen! Bless - - ing on the Queen!

This system contains five staves of music. The first four staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The fifth staff is a piano accompaniment.

THE MAY QUEEN.

83

Bless - - ing, bless - - ing, bless - - ing, bless - -

Bless - - ing, bless - - ing, bless - - ing, bless - -

Bless - - ing, bless - - ing, bless - - ing, bless - -

The first system of the musical score for 'The May Queen'. It consists of four staves: three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and one piano accompaniment staff. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The lyrics are 'Bless - - ing, bless - - ing, bless - - ing, bless - -'.

- - - ing on the Queen! A bless - ing, a

- - - ing on the Queen! A bless - ing, a

- - - ing on the Queen! A bless - ing, a

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are '- - - ing on the Queen! A bless - ing, a'.

bless - ing, a bless - ing on the Queen!

bless - ing, a bless - ing on the Queen!

bless - ing, a bless - ing on the Queen!

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are 'bless - ing, a bless - ing on the Queen!'.

THE END

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grasping the salient characteristics of the most original and masterly creation of the lyric drama. Berta was carefully performed by Mlle. Corbari. Signor Tagliacoff looked as if he had stepped out of a picture by Velasquez, and sang unexceptionably the music allotted to Count Oberthal; and the three Anabaptists were admirably represented by Signors Neri-Baraldi and Polonini, and M. Zelger. The scenery, costumes, and *mise-en-scène* are even more splendid and complete now than when the original production of *Le Prophète*, eleven years ago, was the town-talk of the season. From the Cuyt-like beauty of the opening view to the massive grandeur of the cathedral interior—cleverly taken at the junction of the south transept and the choir, thus giving the effect of unlimited extent—each scene was exquisite in itself, and gained an effect by the constant changes of the crowd of auxiliaries, who always—and as if by instinct, so thoroughly were they drilled—formed into harmoniously-balanced groupings. The skating scene, of course, was the main feature of the scenic display, and the "Quadrille des Patineurs" was so exceedingly well managed that it was enthusiastically encored. The dancing of Mad. Zina in the *pas de deux* was absolute perfection. We have no doubt that, placed on the stage with such profuse magnificence, *Le Prophète* will now, after its five years' banishment, be a great and continued success. —*Ibid.*

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The experiments now being made at both Italian houses to resuscitate the neglected works of acknowledged masters, are commendable or likely to lead to good results, if not to great successes. In all probability we shall hear little more this year of *Orfeo e Eurydice*, performed three times at the Royal Italian Opera, or of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, performed twice at Her Majesty's Theatre, both of which were worthily and carefully put upon the stage; but we must not therefore conclude that nothing has been accomplished. It is something at all events for composers of the present day to gain some notion of what sort of music is calculated to please the public for whom they intend writing, and by what means popularity may be most surely achieved. It is something, too, even for the informed, to be reminded how old composers, like Gluck and Cimarosa, wrote in the olden times, and to contrast their compositions with those of the present day. When *Oberon* was announced at Her Majesty's Theatre, we entertained serious doubts as to its success; nor were these doubts entirely removed when told that the cast would include the names of Titiens, Alboni, Mongini, Belart, Everardi, Gassier, and others; that the spectacle would be dazzling and transcendent; and that the music would be enriched by additions from *Euryanthe*, and accompanied recitatives by Mr. Jules Benedict, the accomplished musician, and favorite pupil and friend of Weber. We could not help thinking that there must have been some powerful cause for the failure of the opera on its first production. *Oberon* was first performed on the eleventh of April, 1826, when Weber was in the height of his popularity, and when the public, enraptured with their new favorite, would have been but too eager to take advantage of any opportunity afforded them of exhibiting their enthusiasm. The opera, nevertheless, ran but a few nights, and achieved a moderate success only. No doubt a good deal was owing to the absurdity and unfathomable purpose of the *libretto*, of which the author, Mr. Planché, one of the most elegant and correct of our dramatic writers, appears now to be thoroughly ashamed, since he acknowledges in his preface to the Italian version, that "nothing but the genius of Weber could have preserved it from total oblivion."

Upon Mr. Benedict devolved the onerous and, however agreeable, not very grateful task of writing the accompanied recitatives and making such additions as were considered necessary to the success of the opera. This gentleman, perhaps more than any other living musician, was the most thoroughly competent to enter into Weber's notions and supply what was found wanting in the score. We cannot help thinking, however, that the interpolation of pieces from *Euryanthe* was a grave mistake, and by no means called for, notwithstanding the brilliant manner in which it enabled Mlle. Titiens to wind up the performance. *Oberon* is, or is not, a *chef d'œuvre*. If it is, it was sacrilegious to meddle with it. If it is not, no excerpts from other works could make it so. Moreover, the public were desirous to hear *Oberon* in its integrity, and wanted nothing else—not even that Mlle. Titiens should be conciliated.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Here *Orfeo e Eurydice* has been repeated, after which *Lucrezia Borgia* had been given with Grisi, Mario, Ronconi, and Didié. The *Prophète* was announced with Mad. Csillag, Mad. Corbari, and Tamberlik in the principal parts.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The last concert of the forty-eighth season—one of the most brilliant and successful since the Philharmonic Society was instituted—took place at the Hanover-Square Rooms on Monday evening, July 2, when the following selection was performed before a crowded assemblage of amateurs and professors of the musical art:

PART I.

Sinfonia in D, Op. 7.....Mozart.
Recit. and Aria, "Tu m'abbandoni," Miss Louisa Pyne. Spohr.
Concerto, pianoforte, in G minor, Miss Arabella Goddard.....Dussek.
Overture, "Nalades".....Sterndale Bennett.

PART II.

Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5.....Beethoven.
Aria, "Quando lacerai la Normandia" (Robert le Diable), Miss Louisa Pyne.....Meyerbeer.
Overture, "Jubilee".....Weber.
Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The Monday Popular Concerts, "The People's Philharmonic" as they have been not inaptly styled, came to a close on Monday night with a performance "for the benefit of the directors." It is well known that the managers of these entertainments are the Messrs. Chappell, who certainly need not be ashamed of the undertaking with which their names have for two years past been associated—for never was speculation, of which art was the medium, planned and carried out with more undeviating artistic worthiness. The first promise of the scheme has been verified to the letter; the public has been invariably dealt with in good faith, and it is now no more than the elucidation of a plain fact to state that an institution has been established, on the most legitimate principles and the firmest basis, alike honorable to its projectors and advantageous to those who support it. The programme of the final concert (the twenty-seventh of the second season), selected from the works of various masters, proved so attractive that St. James's Hall was hardly spacious enough to accommodate the crowd that besieged the doors. Those who take an interest in the musical progress of the masses (towards which poor Jullien effected so much, and with such untiring zeal) may not be displeased to learn that nearly 1600 paid 1s. at the doors. On the other hand, the area stalls and the three-shilling galleries were crammed to suffocation. What sort of music these worthy people came to hear may be seen by the subjoined programme:

PART I.

Quartet in C major, stringed instruments.....Spohr.
Song—"The Wanderer".....Schubert.
Harpsichord lessons, pianoforte.....Scarlatti.
Lieder Kreis, voice.....Beethoven.
Prelude, Sarabande, and Gavotte, violoncello.....Bach.

PART II.

Quartet, in E flat major, Op. 44, stringed instruments. Mendelssohn.
Song—"Zuleika".....Meyerbeer.
Suite de Pièces, in E major.....Handel.
Song—"Il Pensier".....Haydn.
Song—"La Gita in Gondola".....Rossini.
Duet, for two Pianofortes, in D major.....Mozart.
Conductor—Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

The players in the quartets were M. Sainton, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, and Signor Piatti, with whose respective merits our readers are well acquainted.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—A grand concert was given on Wednesday evening, June 27, by Her Majesty, to a select but illustrious party. The following was the programme: Aria, "Arvi un dio" (*Maria di Rohan*), Donizetti, Mad. de Paez; Fantasia, Flute (MS.), Koppitz, Herr Koppitz; Recit. and Aria, "Non più di fiori" (*La Clemenza di Tito*), Mozart, Mad. Kapp-Young; Air Hongrois, Violin, Ernst, Herr Becker; Air, "Vous pouvez soupçonner" (*Marco Spada*), Auber, Mlle. Artot; Fantaisie Originale, Pianoforte, L. De Meyer, M. Leopold De Meyer; Thema und Variationen, Proch, Mlle. Charlotte de Tiefensee. At the Pianoforte, Mr. W. G. Cousins. At the end of the performance, Her Majesty, after exchanging a gracious word with each of the other artists, conversed with Herr Leopold de Meyer for nearly a quarter of an hour, and requested him, the celebrated pianist, if not too fatigued, to play another piece, with which august "command" M. Leopold de Meyer complied, to the infinite delight of the whole assembly, among whom were the King of the Belgians and divers "Grand Dukes."

Letters from Havana say that Gottschalk, the pianist, has been dangerously ill, but that he is now convalescent, and that he is to make a professional tour through Central America and Venezuela. He will take charge of the orchestra of the Italian opera, next winter, at the Tacon Theater. The new impressarii, Riva & Co., are now in Paris, engaging artists for the season, which will commence in November.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 4, 1860.

The "Philharmonic Problem" in St. Petersburg.

From the *Signale* of Leipsic, we extract some account of the way in which the Philharmonic Problem has been treated in St. Petersburg, feeling that it has not a few useful suggestions for us, here. There is *one* society it would seem, for all the branches of the musical art. How if all our local societies devoted to music were consolidated into *one* great, active, efficient body, uniting the resources, the zeal, the various talents of each; uniting their voices, the instruments, the libraries, the money, the professional talent, the business capacity, the enthusiasm and the general culture of the amateurs, and the higher special culture of the thorough artist? Is this altogether impracticable? Have we not the material for a great Musical Society among us, such as in this country, at least cannot be equalled? Might not some well considered plan be devised, which should bring all these elements together, and fuse them into one great and harmonious whole? But let us see how they do it in Russia.

Between the years 1840 and 1850 there was in St. Petersburg a Symphony Society, consisting entirely of amateurs, who, in playing and singing sought for a closer acquaintance with classical works. From various causes the meetings of this society were suspended in 1851, or rather postponed until favorable circumstances should make their revival possible. During the last years, by the exertions of the Count Wielhorsky, Rubinstein and others, members of the old society, the statutes were revived and the whole society remodelled. The name of the society is now: "RUSSIAN MUSICAL SOCIETY," and its object, the education and encouragement of national talent, the diffusion of musical culture by the best possible performances of works of all schools, all periods and all masters, more particularly of the classical school; the awarding of prizes for compositions of all kinds, to consist of gold and silver medals as well as money; to give beginners a chance to hear their compositions, and bring them before the public, to send young persons of musical talent abroad to perfect themselves in their art, at the expense of the society; the completion and enlarging of the library; subscription to all musical periodicals. Ordinary members, who pay fifteen roubles annually, have a free pass to the ten symphony concerts of the season, the right of using the library and reading-room, and of voting at the annual general public meeting. Regular members pay one hundred roubles per annum, have free admittances to all performances of the society, and a vote at the annual meetings. The directors, of whom there are five, serve for two years, after which two step out appointing their successors. There are five vice-directors chosen by the directors. Directors and vice-directors form the committee. All questions are decided by simple majority. There is, besides, a board of consultation, consisting of the best Russian resident musicians, which is to report on new compositions, award the prizes and assist the committee in fixing concert-programmes, &c. The society is to give annually ten grand symphony concerts, six soirées for chamber-music and two oratorio performances. Each concert must contain a piece from the pen of a Russian composer, and, if possible, a solo performance by a Russian artist. In the programmes, the year of the birth and death of the authors is mentioned. Words of vocal pieces are invariably given, translated into Russian, if sung in

a foreign language. A choral society is established as an integral part of the whole. The orchestra is selected and paid. Mad. NISSEN-SALOMAN, and Messrs. PICCOLI, LODI, and DUTSCH, are engaged to instruct young persons of limited means, who show talent for music, at the expense of the society. The society will try to establish an Academy of vocal music at Charkow. There are to be branch societies in the principal cities of the empire. Although the society professes to be national, new compositions of foreign artists, if approved of, are brought out at the regular concerts. Foreigners may also be engaged as performers.

The society has just finished its first year. Oratorio performances were not given. In the ten "Philharmonic" concerts, the following composition of Russian composers were brought out: Overtures "Russian and Ludmilla," Glinka, "Cholmsky," "Life of a Czar" by Glinka, Piano Concerto with orchestra by Rubinstein. Wallachian dance from the opera of "Gromoboi" by Werstofsky, scherzo for orchestra by Kui, another scherzo by Moussorsky, overture "Demon" by Fittinghof, and songs by various composers. The rest of the programmes was made up from the great masters. Here are a few specimens of them.

FIRST CONCERT.
Overture to the opera "Russian and Ludmilla".....Glinka
Chorus from the oratorio "Jephtha".....Handel
Concerto for pianoforte with orchestral accompaniment.....Rubinstein
Finale from the opera "Loreley".....Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 8.....Beethoven

SECOND CONCERT.
Overture to *Anacreon*.....Cherubini
Aria from the oratorio "Joseph".....Handel
Terzetto for soprano, tenor and bass.....Dargomijsky
Concerto for piano with orchestra.....Fr. Liszt
Romances for piano.....Dargomijsky—Wielhorsky
Symphony.....Fr. Schubert

The Buffalo Sængerfest.

We devote a good deal of space this week to the account of the proceedings of the German singing societies at their great high festival held at Buffalo during the last week. The elements of enjoyment were various, and all, it would seem, were enjoyed to the full, and the example of our German fellow citizens is well worthy of adoption and imitation by our native population. But it does not seem to be in the nature or in accordance with the genius of our people to enjoy themselves in this way, or indeed, to enjoy themselves at all in any way that shall altogether throw aside the conventional restraints of a somewhat cold nature, the narrow bonds of an awkward formality, and fairly to relax and expand in the free and natural manner that characterizes the observances of the holidays of people of European birth and descent. What are our holidays, and how do we observe them? There is the Fourth of July, that marks the grandest epoch in modern political history, and — *what else?* And how do we celebrate this great anniversary? Fireworks, processions of military, processions of fire companies, and an everlasting flood of speeches of every kind. We can do nothing without a "Chief Marshal" and "Aids." We need, it would seem, some stiffness, some formality, to make us believe we are having a good time. We cannot put off, as do our German friends, "the old man" of business, of care and anxiety, and be, as it were, children; we seem to have no true love for Nature, for open air and green trees, and the sports and pleasures congenial to such scenes; we cannot unbend as they do, and become children in our enjoyments, but seem to sigh for the deep platoons of a well-or-

dered procession, guided and governed by blue-ribboned and batoned marshals. There must be some *work* in all our pleasures, and indeed, compared with the free and natural jollity of these German demonstrations, it seems like the "all work and no play" that makes Jack a dull boy. We can hardly spare the time to play at all, and when we do, it still savors a little of work, or at least reminds us of the solemn gambols of an elephant, so unused are we to the thing, such awkward playfellows have we become from long disuse of the playing powers. We are a solemn people, it is to be feared, and when we are brought together in multitudes, do not know exactly what to do with ourselves, save to listen to an oration. We are not so in our families, among ourselves, with a little circle of friends, but when we all get together, we insensibly stiffen into ranks and fall into line. The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* has some sensible remarks apropos to our subject. After discussing some drawbacks in the German character, it goes on to say:

"They love music, and the music too not only of the home circle but of huge choirs and bands, more than any other nation. Now music is a great harmonizer, and large bodies of people assembled for the cultivation of the art are out of mischief, and likely to be very well behaved. Here then is a great good obtained—the people are gathered into large assemblies away from all private, secret haunts of vice and wickedness; and the very thing that calls them together, unlike the bull-fight, the low theatre, the cock fight and the prize fight, is almost as promotive of harmony as religion. How much nobler a spectacle was that presented at Buffalo the other day, where the German singing societies assembled for an exhibition, than that at Farnborough, where such a crowd of Englishmen, out of even the higher ranks, came together to see the great fight. Every nation must have its excitements; how fortunate are the Germans then, in finding so much of what they want in that way in the *mænnerchor*.

But it is something underlying the love of music that brings them together in such large bodies to sing; for we see the same disposition to fraternize on a large scale "cropping out," as the geologists would say, in other directions. They must have their *verein* in every department of effort or amusement. What pleasanter sight can one see than that picture in the Dusseldorf Gallery in New York, which represents the Dusseldorf Society of artists out together for recreation and artistic materials? What a generous rivalry is fostered, where artists are thus intimately associated, instead of glowering at each other from their opposite attics.

Then there are the *Turner vereins*. Much is said about their infidelity, but too little about that fidelity they show to so many of the injunctions of nature. Not many of the higher class of Germans reach this country, or if they do, take part in the various social gatherings mentioned; therefore, we do not see the German nature in its highest aspects; yet one who thoughtfully enters a Turner's Hall, cannot but observe much to admire. There is the gymnasium, and the lecture hall, and the garden. Now, this last may be a rude affair, simply a set of rough board seats placed around small trees; and underneath, instead of turf and flowers, there may be only gravel; but when it is considered that the affair is got up mostly by poor mechanics, who love so much to come together nightly and take each other by the hand, that they will draw largely on their scanty resources to pay for the gardened — the place becomes beautiful before you."

But we refer to the chronicle of the doings of the Sængerfest at Buffalo. May we not sometime hope to see this gathering in Boston?

M. R. T. has our thanks for the admirable Maxims of Robert Schumann translated for the "Journal." They have already been *twice* inserted in our former volumes, or they would find a place at this time. They can hardly however be made too familiar to musical students.

Musical Chit-Chat.

THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB gave a concert at Worcester during the regatta week. We find the following notice of it in the correspondence of the *Traveller*.

"The 'Harvard Glee Club' gave their much asked-for concert this evening, assisted by the 'Mendelssohn Quintette.' No weather could have been finer than that with which they were favored, the audience corresponded in brilliancy and size—upwards of a thousand people being present. The concert was given in the Mechanics' Hall, which is fully as large as the Tremont Temple, and the size of the hall prevented the 'Quintette,' in their earlier pieces, from being fully appreciated; but as the audience grew more quiet, they got to be well heard, and some of their performances were admirable and elicited great applause. Neither Mr. Schultze nor Mr. Meisel were present, however, Mr. Suck filling the place of the former gentleman very acceptably, and Mr. Coenen that of the latter in the same way. The 'Quintette Club' performed the overture to *Stradella*, a Scene and Aria from '*Le Pré aux Cleres*,' and an *Entre Act* from "*Robert*." Mr. Fries also performed his famous solo on the 'Cello, by Kummer, in which he imitates a banjo so curiously.

The Glee Club were, at first, evidently a little tried by the novelty of their situation, the hall being much larger than any they have been accustomed to, and a decided want of accuracy in time, and tune as well, was observable in the '*Cheerful Wanderer*' of Mendelssohn, their first piece. After this, however, they steadily improved and were soon evidently free from embarrassment, acquitting themselves admirably and to the delight of the audience.

Mr. Howland of the Graduating Class sung the '*Peniti Nuni*' from the *Magic Flute*, in superb style, overcoming the serious difficulties of the piece in a way that would have done credit to a veteran solo singer, and the 'Club' were never more successful than in their renderings of the '*Turkish Drinking Song*' by Mendelssohn, and of Lenz's '*Wanderer's Night Song*.' They were many times encored, and the enthusiasm which prevailed all through the evening, reached its climax at their rendition of the various College Songs—'*Updee*,' '*Integer*,' '*Litonia*,' and others, all of which were given with the greatest spirit and sweetness."

The New York *Christian Inquirer*, in its account of the recent inauguration at Cambridge, speaks thus of the music of the day.

"We cannot omit mentioning the admirable character and the delightful effect of the singing by the Glee Club at the Inauguration. It was the only part of the exercises during which many wet eyes were seen, except, perhaps, during the President's tender and exquisite reference to young Wilkinson's character and loss. The Alumni dinner went off famously. Dr. Holmes presided to a charm, and unwittingly described himself under a pretended description of Mr. Winthrop. On the whole, Harvard never saw brighter days than those of the late Commencement week. May the dear old mother live a thousand years, and then another."

The New York correspondent of the *N. O. Picayune* writes as follows of Frezzolini:

The "Garibaldi Benefit" at the Academy of Music was a success, financially and artistically. The net proceeds amounted to about \$1,500, which, considering that "everybody is out of town," is as much

as could have reasonably been expected. The performance of the "Lucia," with Frezzolini, Musiani, and Ferri, in the leading parts, was all that could be desired. The great prima donna—"la reine du theatre" was most cordially received, and was called before the curtain at the end of every act. Her conception of the situations and the character of the heart-broken *Lucia* was thoroughly natural; while her rendering of every emotion was eminently artistic. Nothing could be finer or more satisfactory in action, intonation, costume and general effect. From the moment she enters the blushing garden, fragrant and dewy with "budding love," until she flies from her last scene, shattered and shivered with despair, all our sympathies cluster around that fair and beautiful victim of the love that fate forbids. The role of *Lucia* is exceedingly simple and very easily understood. It finds a ready interpreter in the hearts of all who have tasted the greatest of all sorrows—the sorrow of an overwhelming, involuntary, uncontrollable love. And who is there that has not, at some period of life, either in the freshness of spring, or the fullness of autumn, confessed himself a believer in that faith, "whose martyrs are the broken heart?"

Frezzolini, by her delicate organization and profound experience, is enabled to give utterance to every shade of sentiment, and to every tone of suffering. As *Lucia*, she loves with "a love that is more than love;" and her plaintive, prolonged cry for *Edgardo*, so tearful and so tender, is a sound one can never cease to hear. It is like the melodious sigh of a lonely star bewailing the loss of some sister Pleiad. And yet there are ears, and even among our so-called critics, so long and so obtuse that the refined and subtle tones of Frezzolini cannot penetrate them! We commend all such obdurate "organs" to the special treatment of the celebrated aurist, Von Moschzisker. Such deaf and impenetrable critics as these may quite as well write their "musical notices" before the performance as after it, which was certainly the case with one of our leading musical journals, which highly compliments the singing of Mme. Colson, on the Garibaldi night, but who, in consequence of indisposition, did not sing at all! It is a disgrace to journalism, and an insult to the public, that such gross injustice should be permitted.

Did space allow I could say much in praise of Mme. Cortesi's *Lucretia*; and also of the admirable singing and acting of Musiani and Susini. With two such tenors as Musiani and Ernani, Brignoli will either have to change his terms or his manners. No artist for years, in New York, has feared competition less, or needed it more. He has had his own way in everything; and has become, as the French say, *un enfant gâté*. Ernani, who is engaged at the Academy for the next season, will be likely to "take the conceit out of him." On being invited to sing for the Garibaldi benefit, "the handsome tenor" refused, on the ground that he "could not compromise his family in Naples."

OHIO STATE MUSICAL CONVENTION.—A State Musical Convention will be held at Ashland, on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of August, under the direction of Prof. B. F. Baker of Boston, Dr. Clare W. Beames, of New York, and W. H. Ingersoll of Ohio. The Convention follows immediately on the close of the summer session of the Ohio Normal Academy of Music at Ashland. Every singer in the State is invited, and it is to be hoped that a vast attendance will be secured.

The Normal Academy of Music, Genesee, N. Y., has entered upon its second annual term with the most flattering prospects.

Principals.—T. E. Perkins, Professor of Elementary and Vocal Training. S. J. Cook, Professor of Harmony, Psalmody, and Violinist. J. M. North, Assistant Tutor.

Private Teachers.—C. Bassini, Professor of Composition and Vocal Training. S. N. Pychowski,

Professor of Composition, Piano Forte and Organ. T. F. Seward, Professor of Organ and Melodeon.

Suitable buildings for its accommodation will probably be erected ere its third annual term shall commence—in the summer of 1861—so that all the necessary facilities for a thorough and finished musical education will be here enjoyed. The present statistics are as follows:

Prof. Perkins' and Cook's regular class pupils, fifty-five.

Prof. Bassini's private class pupils, forty five.

Prof. Pychowski's private class pupils, thirty.

Evidently Mendelssohn's music does not please every body, as will more fully appear by this notice from a Worcester paper.

"The singing was distinguished for precision and accuracy, and the pieces sung were of the best of the part-songs of Mendelssohn, which are unsurpassed in their way. This author is certainly original, though rather in the manner than in the matter. He seems studied and bears the marks of erasure and interlineation. Mozart, on the other hand, of whose genius there was presented one specimen, is spontaneous, new and perfect in the first conception. His elaboration is merely in details which are necessarily just what they are, and never could have been written otherwise or thought otherwise. The introduction of this divine master must have struck any musical sensibility as a recurrence to first principles after the somewhat labored strangeness of the others. Mozart's music sings and plays itself. It is of little consequence how it is rendered.

The voices were good, some of them excellent, but the manner of singing smacked too much of the baton. The time was too good, and the accent too monotonous. With many points of excellence there was something to criticize."

A friend of ours told us that once, when he was visiting Liszt, a fine gentleman from Boston was announced, and during the conversation the latter spoke with great contempt of Wagner (the new light) and his music. Liszt did not say anything, but went to the open piano and struck with grandeur the opening chords of the Tannhäuser overture; having played it through, he turned and quietly remarked, "The man who doesn't call that good music is a fool." It is the only reply which can be made to those who do not find that quintessence of things which we call Poetry in many passages of this work.—*Conway's Dial*.

The opera of "Les Rosieres," which the Théâtre Lyrique, in Paris, is going to mount, is unknown to our generation. It was first performed in 1817, and was the first opera by Herold, which had a great success. Its last performance took place in 1826.

Musical Intelligence.

The Sængerfest at Buffalo.

The great meeting of the various German singing clubs of the country took place at Buffalo during the last week. We glean from the papers of that city some accounts of the proceedings of the several days.

Yesterday morning opened the festival week of the North American Sængerbund. As our readers may be aware, this is an association of the German musical societies in the cities of the Northern States. Its principal object consists in the arrangement for a yearly convocation of the members of these societies and any song-union which chooses to attend the annual *Fest* may become a member of the *Bund* or confederacy. At present, we believe, twenty-five societies are thus allied. The Sængerfests, of which there have been eleven, the present being the twelfth, are designed, at once to heighten the standard of musical excellence, and to promote general good feeling and brotherhood, among the song-loving sons and daughters of "Vaterland."

St. James Hall is the headquarters of the Sængerbund and is decorated in a manner worthy of the occasion. Beautiful festoons of evergreens hang from

the roof and around the gallery appear the names of the twenty-four Societies of the Sængerbund. These are as follows:

Orpheus—Boston.
Concordia—Preston, C. W.
Wyandot Sængerbund—Upper Sandusky, O.
Teutonia—New York.
Mænnerchor—Columbus, O.
Arion—New York.
Teutonia—Alleghany City.
Mænnerchor—West Cleveland.
Harmonia—Detroit.
Liedertafel—Buffalo.
Sængerbund—Toledo.
Mænnerchor—Rochester.
Germania—Dunkirk.
Frohberg—Pittsburg.
Sængerbund—Buffalo.
Eintracht—Newark.
Liedertafel—Akron.
Bruderbund—Tiffin, O.
Liederkrans—New York.
Mozart Quartette Verein—Sandusky.
Mænnerchor—Philadelphia.
Harmonia—Erie.
Liederkrans—Syracuse.
Gesangverein—Cleveland.

THE RECEPTION CONCERT.—This was the main feature of the day's festivities. The custom on these occasions is for the resident musicians to entertain their visitors by giving a Reception Concert, to open the ceremonies. In accordance with this musically hospitable idea, the United Societies of Buffalo gave, at St. James's Hall, the first act of Von Weber's "Euryanthe," and Becker's "Gipsies." The Hall was crowded at an early hour, mostly with the visiting societies, among whom were many ladies whose gay dresses added largely to the beauty of the richly decorated hall. When the curtain rose, a charming scene was exhibited. Forty ladies, all in white, occupied the front of the stage, while behind them, rising in tiers, were some 75 gentlemen. The orchestra numbered 35 instruments, making a total of about 150 performers.

The overture to "Euryanthe" was charmingly given, the orchestra being remarkably well-balanced. The music of this opera, new to us, is of the Italian school, though of German authorship, and remarkably rich in pleasing melodies. But nothing ever given in Buffalo equalled the choruses. Some of these were remarkable in themselves as melodies, and they were rendered with a time like a drum beat, no drag, no hurrying, the orchestra and voices harmonizing to perfection, and all blending into one grand whole which realized our highest conception of what a chorus should be.

We have omitted to mention the fact that on the rising of the curtain, Prof. CARL ADAM made a Reception Speech. It was in German, and all we can say for it is that it was gracefully delivered, and from its frequent cheering we may conclude that its sentiments met the approval of the guests of Buffalo.

The first Concert was given in the Exchange Street Depot of the N. Y. Central Railroad, which was gratuitously furnished by the Company at a very considerable sacrifice of convenience. The building is 90 feet in width and 580 in length, and very lofty. Its numerous, yet easily guarded entrances, its coolness and comfort, the fact that the floor was on the level of the ground, and was therefore safe, made it perhaps the best room for such a purpose in the United States.

At the west end of the Depot were seats for the singers, consisting of fourteen ascending tiers, on which were placed more than 600 singers and an orchestra of 65 performers. In the centre of the platform was a dais, occupied by the Director, Prof. CARL ADAM, to whom was confided the mammoth task of governing and controlling the ocean of music which rolled in harmonies down the vast length of the building.

The following was the programme:

PART I.

- Overture to Tannhäuser. Wagner.
1. Hymn, Chorus with Quartetto. Neithardt.
The Quartetto by the Mænnerchor, N. Y.
2. The Eighth Psalm, Chorus with Quartetto. Schnabel.
The Quartetto by the Gesangverein of Cleveland.
3. Goethe's last words, "Light, more light." Chorus with Quartetto. Liszt.
The Quartetto by the Arion of New York.
4. Pilgrim's Chorus from Tannhäuser, Chorus with Quartetto. Wagner.

PART II.

- Overture to Fidelio.
5. God, Fatherland, Love. Hymn. Chorus with Quartetto. Tschirch.
The Quartetto by the Teutonia Mænnerchor, N. Y.
6. Ode to the morning, Chorus with Quartetto. Riets.
The Quartetto by the Orpheus of Boston.
7. Hunter's Song, Chorus. Schumann.
8. The Midnight Revue of Napoleon Bonaparte, Chorus. Tili.

It was supposed that some 8 or 10,000 persons were present. From the dais the scene was magnificent. The distance from the rear was so great that

the crowd became an indistinguishable mass. Constant good order prevailed. Among the audience were thousands of ladies, and the only breach in the harmony of the night was a rush through the canvas which closed the east end, which was soon quelled by the active interference of the police under the personal supervision of Mayor ALBERGER, who was very efficient in preserving quiet.

In such a concert, multitude is the great feature. It drowned out every thing else, and noble as was the music, the sight of that grand gathering of humanity was the wonder of the night. We found that two-thirds down the room even the quartets were perfectly heard. At the rear, more than 500 feet from the singers, these were mostly lost, though the choruses were full and effective even there. * * *

It is something to have seen and heard all this, a good deal more to have done it. All Buffalo is proud of this splendid achievement of our Teutonic cousins, and honors the labor which has been expended upon it. Prof CARL ADAM, who has had the Musical Directorship throughout, has discharged his onerous duties with an intelligent skill which satisfies all interested. His labors have been very severe, but their triumphant termination must repay him for all. On the part of the Local Committee, everything has been done with a system and capacity for generalship worthy of high praise. It was a great task to prepare the concert and to carry it safely through without accident.

THE PRIZE CONCERT.—The Prize Concert was, to the artistic ear, the finest of all the musical entertainments of the week. The competition was for the splendid silver goblet, manufactured by JUNG-LING, and recently exhibited at the store of BLODGETT & BRADFORD. Its weight is equal to one hundred dollars, and the ornamentation upon it is of the most exquisite and emblematic character. Only eleven of the Societies competed for it, those of Buffalo being excluded by locality, and many others not caring to test themselves besides such clubs as the Arion, Liederkranz or Orpheus. The audience in attendance was immense, and composed of as many of the elite of Buffalo as could find entrance, hundreds being unable to get in.

The first great excitement was produced by the New York Liederkranz, who were enthusiastically encored. The next piece, the beautiful and stirring "On the Neckar, on the Rhine," by the Teutonia, of Alleghany City, was also charmingly given and warmly encored. Then came the "Vincita," of the New York Arion—magnificently led by CARL ANSCHUTZ. We can hardly say too much of this pleasing yet difficult melody, or of the perfect blending of its harmony. There seemed to be but one soul and one thought in the Arions. The encore which followed was tremendous. They responded only to be called out again, but the second encore was declined.

Close upon the heels of the Arions came the Orpheus, of Boston. Mr. KREISSMANN, their leader, has one of the purest and richest tenors to which we ever listened. In arranging his club he exhibited some management, packing them in close order, instead of stretching them in line across the stage. He thus secured a more perfect time and more careful harmony. The "Night-song" is a musical gem. The piano passages were given with wonderful delicacy and feeling, but there was a lack in the forte which perhaps lost them the prize. Among the American portion of the audience the Orpheus was perhaps the favorite, though it was conceded to be a close thing with the Arion. The Liederkranz, which received three votes from the committee, was better appreciated by the Germans than the Americans.

The Committee of Judges appointed to award the prize was composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. SCHUBERT, of New York; MARX, of Detroit; ADAM, FEDERLANDER, BROWN and BLODGETT of Buffalo. The judges were required to decide individually, without consulting each other's opinions, and each present the name of the Society in whose favor he pronounced, written upon a slip of paper, immediately upon the termination of the concert. This was done, and the opinions were announced as follows:

In favor of the Arion Society, New York 4
" " Liederkranz Society, New York 3

The announcement was received with applause and general satisfaction. We are inclined to fully endorse the decision, with a mental vote of thanks to the Orpheus. The strong vote for the Liederkranz is complimentary enough for them. But we should not omit to mention the Gesangverein of Cleveland, which under unfavorable circumstances, made an excellent impression on the audience.

A banquet, ball and pic-nic were among the pleasant features of this monster meeting. The pic-nic seems to have been unique in its character.

The Buffalo Courier says:

Not till then did our German friends begin to show us the gigantic scale upon which they do their merry-making on great occasions. The word "picnic" which with us suggests a quiet little gathering in the woods or fields, in which a few swings furnish the amusement, and a couple of hundred children, at most, the noise, gives no idea of the "doings" at Moffatt's Grove. To us it has nothing short of a national importance. We are not aware that ever before in this country has any nationality asserted itself in so strongly marked a manner as did the German in yesterday's pic-nic. It seemed really after a century in which the restraint of new world manners had been endured. In the exuberant joy of such a meeting, everything of the new world was forgotten, and everything of the old was revived under the maples of Moffatt's Grove, as completely as if the spot had been four thousand miles east of here, somewhere "on the Neckar or the Rhine." Germany—emigrated, modified, Americanized Germany—was its old self again and acted out all its old Teutonic pranks, just as if the Atlantic had never been crossed. We would like any one to show us in the annals of this country, another instance in which such a striking national phenomena has transpired. * * *

We despair of giving any just idea of how things looked in the grove. Everybody to whom we spoke agreed that it was a sight to be seen once in a lifetime, and never to be described. The Bluffs, the beautiful little valley, the glades and meadows comprised in the grove, were strewn thick with the multitude. They gathered in groups, each group large enough to fill a large hall, at points where the various societies had made head-quarters, and around, the different dispensaries of lager beer and other good things. Everybody ate and drank and talked all at once, all the while. One or more of the splendid bands made the woods ring again, now on this side, now on that. A gun squad, with the "Lady Washington" added to the din, and at intervals the irrepressible song, with its strong, manly chorus, burst forth from throats that gurgled with that everlasting lager. Flags floated among the trees and in the air; crinoline on the swing, ditto ditto; a myriad of glasses clinked; uncounted pretzels and sandwiches and sausages disappeared; kegs of beer rolled in and beer kegs rolled out, toasts were given and responded to, and thus the Picnic began.

At the height of the festivities there was more demolition of lager, pretzels and rheinwein; more running to and fro in the wildest state of jubilant enthusiasm; more music by the bands; more singing and cheering; more firing; more clinking of glasses; more filling and emptying of lager drinking horns; in short, a grand, sweeping, universal, deluge of good feeling and animal spirits. The New Yorkers, who, according to an aged picnician, whom we overheard "sind der teufel," were foremost in inventing expression for the merriment. They dressed themselves up as mummies, in the most absurd costumes. They had a Japanese troupe with "little Tommy," a prominent character, and in the oddest of processions they marched through the grove to the extraordinary music of cornstalk flutes, making halts everywhere, and performing sundry side-splitting antics, to the infinite delight of the crowd. Others of the societies joined in the mummery; had mock music rehearsals, and wended in absurd state, amid the screaming multitude. For all the world the scene would remind one of Assumption Day in Paris or the Carnival at Rome. "Did you ever see anything like this?" inquired we of a venerable Teuton. "Ach, ja, in Deutschland!" quoth he. Certes, never in America was the match of the Sengerfest Picnic enacted.

And thus, till nearly sundown, the jubilation lasted; all the while, it must be said, without the first manifestation of anything but the broadest, kindest good feeling on the part of the Germans. The only attempt at a quarrel or threatening of a fight which we saw, originated among individuals speaking another tongue than the guttural Teutonic. Gradually, as we said before, the stream of vehicles turned city-wards, and the army of revellers, exhausted, but cheery and good-natured, went home. Surely the Picnic will forever live in their memories, as of all their lives,—

"The maddest, merriest day."

In the evening there was a grand ball at St. James Hall.

Yesterday the crowd went down to Niagara Falls, on an excursion.

Last evening a large number of the singers, including members of the Rochester, Syracuse and New York Societies, came down from the Falls on the 8.30 train. Some of the strangers stopped over, while others went on. More were expected down on the 12.50 train. The great Sengerfest of 1860 is ended.

Special Notices.

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New Dance Music for the Drawing-room, of a pleasing and agreeable character.

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Mr. Zundel's long experience not only as an Organist but as a successful teacher is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of this work and of its great utility.

A slight examination even of its pages will convince any one of its rare adaptation to the wants of beginners, as also to advanced players. It embodies in plain language a great fund of practical information on points in organ playing of the utmost importance to all who would become thoroughly conversant with the capabilities of the instrument, but which are seldom so thoroughly treated and so masterly explained. This "Modern School" must become the Standard Method of Organ Study.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the convenience a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

